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SUNDAY, JULY 10, 1910.

Home News Away from Home

Washingtonians who leave the city, either for a short or long stay—whether they go to mountain or seashore, or even across the sea—should not fail to order The Washington Herald sent to them by mail. It will come regularly, and the addresses will be changed as often as desired. It is the home news you will want while away from home. Telephone Main 3300, giving old and new address.

Industry and Faith.

There is nothing subtle or mysterious about the religion of industry. It is to be read by every man who has common sense. To a company of young people once, that well-known philosopher, Maurice de Guerin, said: "If that clock knew that it was to be destroyed the next instant, it would keep on striking the hours until its time arrived. Be like that clock. Whatever may be going to happen to you, strike always your hour!" It is always the prayer of the healthy-minded that their industry may continue up to the last moment, and de Guerin's little fable is paralleled by Stevenson's prayer:

"The morning drum call on my eager ear
Thrills unforgotten yet; the morning dew
Lies yet undried along my field of noon.

"But now I pause a while in what I do
And count the bell, and tremble lest I hear
Olly work untrimmed) the sunset gun too soon."

No man ever got anywhere in this life through the doctrine of laissez faire. Even as children, most of us were taught of the dangers of the "I-don't-care" attitude, and now, as children of a larger growth, we still need to be careful of the blight to the spirit that comes from indifference and indecision. The lesson of the clock is the lesson of persistence. The timepiece had its appointed work to do, and it went at it wholesouled. It should be so with us. It does not really matter in what sphere of life we are placed—to some, the pen; to others, the sword; to others, the plow—it is life in every walk; and by devotion to industry, which is the business of life, we shall attain to faith.

Is it not wonderful to think how in this little, narrow life of ours our very lightest and most thoughtless actions may influence the lives of others for good or for ill? When we neglect our work, do not do the best that is in us, it is a bad thing for the world; but it is an infinitely worse thing for ourselves—it is a man's own soul on which the blight falls heaviest. Laziness, sloth, indifference, indecision—these are diseases of the soul that can be cured only by those who are afflicted.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heav'n. The fated sky
Gives us full scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull."

Industry and faith! Those are the tools with which the human soul can do its noblest work, can work out its own salvation. President Garfield said once:

"Wherever a ship plows the sea or a plow furroughs the field; wherever a mine yields its treasures; wherever a ship or a railroad carries freight to market; wherever the smoke of the furnace arises, or the clang of the loom resounds, even in the lonely garret where the seamstress plies her busy needle—there is industry."

That is material industry. It wins such rewards as the world has to offer, and it is good, not only in its rewards, but in its healthful influence on the spirit. But there is, too, an industry of the soul that must not be neglected. The soul, like the body, lives by what it feeds upon, and though it be capable of expansion into the infinite, we may yet stunt its growth and dwarf its possibilities by dwelling too much with our material hopes and fears.

Let us understand, once for all, that neither in mind nor body nor soul is it permitted us to stand still. Backward or forward, down to the depths or up to the heights, we are moving inevitably, and there is, thank God, a divine impulse within all of us, that urges us forward into the light.

There is so much to be done—so little time in which to do it, that all of us may well fear hearing "(our work untrimmed) the sunset gun too soon." There is no progress possible unless in our hearts we fashion work that is good; resolve with all our heart and soul to accomplish it, and then—forward to the fray! Let us not be dismayed that we may not have time to finish our task—let us bravely see how much we can do before the reverberation of the sunset gun. For while the passing minutes remain, they are ours, to use as we will, and it is for us so to use them in industry and faith that when the hour strikes and time is no more, we may face the infinite mystery with a glad cry of joy and the sublime consciousness that we have striven to be worthy of whatever fate may befall.

"It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio. Even if the doctor does not give you a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labor. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts have done good work, although they may die before they have had time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world and bettered the tradition of mankind."

And the reward, let us be assured, will come; indeed, it is largely within ourselves. Even as the power for good work lies within our own souls and within the scope of our own courage, so within ourselves lies the reaping of happiness; not necessarily our own happiness, but most assuredly the greater happiness of the world.

In industry we shall find our joy; in faith shall be our reward.

"To leave unseen so many a glorious sight,
To leave so many lands unvisited,
To leave so many worthiest books unread,
Unrealized so many visions bright.

"Oh! wretched yet inevitable spite
Of our brief span, that we must yield our breath,
And wrap us in the unfeeling coil of death,
So much remaining of unproved delight.

"But hush, my soul, and vain regrets be stilled;
Find rest in Him who is the complement
Of whatso'er transcends our mortal doom,
Of baffled hope and unfulfilled intent;
In the clear vision and aspect of whom
All longings and all hopes shall be fulfilled."

Awaiting the T. R. Sign.

There are some millions of Republicans in this country, no doubt, who are neither standpatters nor insurgents, who cannot be classed on the side of reactionary conservatism or unwise radicalism—neither Pinchotites nor Ballingerites, Cannonites nor anti-Cannonites. They are loyal, devoted followers of the G. O. P., who, with all its sins of omission and commission, love and trust it unfalteringly.

There are many varieties of the Republican party these days—fifty-seven, perhaps—but the variety here referred to undoubtedly is the large and dominating variety. It never swerves out of line.

The other varieties of 1910 Republicanism—the remaining fifty-six—appear to be looking toward Oyster Bay for guidance in this momentous crisis. To date, the redoubtable T. R. has given them signs and countersigns in this wise:

Henry Cabot Lodge, who termed the ultimate consumer a myth, and was the most uncompromising champion of the new tariff schedules, must be re-elected to the United States Senate. So. T. R. has decreed.

Butler Ames, foe of machine politics and opponent of Henry Cabot Lodge, has no standing whatever at Oyster Bay and is frowned upon by T. R.

Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, steadfast opponent of the Payne-Aldrich act, and fearless, outspoken critic of his party, and candidate for re-election on a decidedly progressive platform, is approved, and T. R. will take the stump for him.

La Follette, insurgent of insurgents, is persona grata at Oyster Bay, if not at Beverly.

Cummins is in full accord with the Sage of Sagamore Hill.

Bristow, Victor Murdock, and Madison, the Kansas recalcitrants; Poindexter, whose insurgency forever runs rampant, and Hamilton Fish, bred in a conservative political school, but now the most radical of all—these and others of their kind find the latchstring out at Oyster Bay, and go cheerily on their way.

But tidings of comfort and joy come to the regulars, likewise. Was not the Hon. Thomas H. Carter, regular of regulars, also cordially received?

Of course, T. R. is taking no part in factional quarrels. He is keeping out of the political game until his sixty days of grace roll around. His relations with the administration are as friendly as when, newly fledged, it started upon its course and he took himself away. The visitations we are daily hearing about, therefore, are of no partisan significance—absolutely none. They are only personal—wholly personal.

Doubting Thomases in the party, awaiting the word from T. R., must continue to wait. Meanwhile, they are bound to see, as everybody else is seeing, that, in spite of schism and conflict, stress and storm, these past few months, William Howard Taft continues to be President of the United States, the country's fault-finding spirit is on the wane, and the government at Washington still lives.

"Sick Leave" in the Departments.

The decision of the auditor of the District that employes of the municipal government are not entitled to leave of absence in excess of the thirty days' "annual" leave brings up again the much-discussed question of "sick leave" for employes, not merely of the District, but of the Federal government.

By this ruling it appears that all leave over and above the thirty days' "annual" will be charged, not against the sick leave account, but against the annual leave for the next year. To a certain extent, this is a safeguard for the employe who is really in need of protracted absence on account of sickness, but it does not altogether remove the opportunities for rank abuse of the sick leave privilege.

Unfortunately, in the departments the sick leave has been overworked and is a constant annoyance to chiefs of bureaus and officials. There is a big percentage of clerks who annually take the full sixty days allowed by law, year in and year out.

In one bureau of the government, for a given period, 171 clerks took exactly thirty days' sick leave, calculating their leave of absence down to the hour, and miraculously "recovering" upon its expiration. In addition, these had the regular thirty days' "annual." These statistics do not include a very much greater number of employes who took a few days less than thirty days' sick leave, nor does it include those who, on account of illness, were obliged to take leave without pay in addition to the thirty days' sick leave and thirty days' annual leave granted by law. These absences on leave without pay ranged all the way from fifteen to ninety days, and in some few instances even longer periods.

Those who have made a careful study of this matter in the departments strongly advocate a plan whereby no sick leave shall be granted a clerk until he has exhausted his "annual" leave. It is absolutely certain that this plan would succeed in diminishing the applications for sick leave, for a day or two at a time, by about one-half, the idea being that the thirty days' leave of absence is granted to employes to do with as they please. If they use up several of these days on account of illness, it is their privilege to do so.

On the other hand, if an employe has used up his annual leave, and is overtaken by genuine illness, the government comes to his rescue with the "additional annual leave" or sick leave. Once the clerks become used to the notion that they cannot take two or three weeks' sick leave at various times during the year, and then find themselves possessed of a clean slate of thirty days' annual leave, the abuse of the privilege will cease.

The District government's plan for charging to the next year's account leave over and above the thirty days allowed has its advantages, but it would be well to remember that there are many faithful employes who in some years cannot, or do not, take all of the thirty days allowed. For such as these, leave should be allowed to accumulate in the same way up to a reasonable period, for it is, indeed, a poor rule that does not work both ways.

A writer says that Secretary Knox "wears an expression of perpetual inquisitiveness." Mr. Knox is not a Missourian, either.

Considering the cost of white paper, and so on, those Abernathy kids are getting more newspaper space than is coming to them.

Mr. Carragan, who claims to have discovered Dr. Cook's records on top of Mount McKinley, need not be surprised to learn any time that he used to steal chickens regularly in his younger days.

Mayor Reyburn, of Philadelphia, does not approve of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt has waxed politically strong on that sort of thing, however.

We have a notion that Mr. Roosevelt never again will promise to keep out of politics for more than fifteen or twenty minues on a stretch.

Johnson is said to have kept the fight going as long as he did in order to give the picture men a run for their money. It does not seem that they are to get much of a run for it, after all, however.

"Should a girl marry a man who kissed her 9,000 times at one sitting?" inquires a sweet young thing in the Bristol Herald-Courier. Perhaps. But she is foolish if she thinks he will keep up that pace long after the ceremony.

John Arthur Johnson says he is proud of Texas, the State in which he was born. It is more or less doubtful, however, whether Texas reciprocates the compliment.

Another lynching in Ohio. The sunny South, let us hope, is properly shocked and grieved.

The tariff is to be revised in Portugal. Ultimate consuming is to be more expensive in that country, too, of course.

Trainer Roosevelt has an idea that Beveridge will come back, all right.

No matter how accommodating Mr. Roosevelt may desire to be, he cannot possibly do all the various things to Mr. Taft that the engaging correspondents inform us from time to time he is going to do, sure.

The difficulties of the Boston Herald are more distressing than surprising. The newspaper world generally will wish the paper a safe emergence from its present embarrassment.

"A West Point cadet has been severely punished for chewing gum," notes the Cleveland Plain Dealer. It was not for chewing gum that he was dismissed; it was for telling a deliberate falsehood about it—a far more serious offense.

The man who complained that the weather man did not know his business in June is not saying a word nowadays, it will be observed.

Reports from Arkansas indicate that Jeffries Davis also may fail to come back.

"Will it yet be Roosevelt vs. Taft?" inquires the Birmingham Ledger. Not yet; nor soon, we imagine.

Happily, the anti-fight picture sentiment has called forth no indignant protest from any source that counts particularly.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

In Spite of Lorimer.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

The next thing we know Senator Lorimer will be pointing with pride to what Congress has done since he was elected to the Senate.

Mr. Poindexter a Recruit.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Representative Poindexter, of Washington, steps into the Ananias Club just in time to prove that the organization had not disbanded.

Would You?

From the Houston Post.

Estrada nows wants $1,000,000 with which to found a new republic. We suspect if he had a million he wouldn't care much whether he had a republic or not.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

From the Des Moines Capital.

In the category of liquid refreshments we observe that the "Roosevelt cocktail" has made its appearance. But are not the dear people already sufficiently intoxicated?

Up to the Voters.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.

"I have absolutely nothing to say about Congressman Ames' efforts to defeat me for re-election," says Senator Lodge. But the voters will have something to say about it.

A Shameless Newspaper.

From the Houston Post.

Hereafter, we shall pray for the Fourth of July of 1910 to be repeated. That is to say, two inches of rainfall in the morning. Of course, we should regret any brutal, degrading, savage, disgusting prize fight in the afternoon, but if any such thing happens, our friends may find us in the vicinity of the big end of the megaphone.

Indianoplis' New Ordinance.

From the Rochester Herald.

Indianapolis is to have an ordinance forbidding the use of any other warning contrivance on an automobile than the ordinary "honk." It has been moved thereto, no doubt, by the invention of a nonedscript noisemaker which emits a sound somewhat resembling a hippopotamus with a spring cold in his head. When this thing coughs timid persons almost have a fit.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THOSE CONFERENCES.

Our boss is far from close to those
In his employ.
Yet often to his office goes
The errand boy.

The pair together daily sit
In close confab,
And now and then we hear a bit
Of smothered gab.

Of course, it seems a funny fad
To thus confer
On business matters with a lad
At seven per.

These are not business interviews;
It merely seems
The boss desires the latest news
About the teams.

Selecting the Hotel.

"This hotel speaks highly of the scenery."

"This other house gives fuller details as to meals. I think we'd better play safe on the grub and take chances as to the scenery."

In Doubt.

"Want some new potatoes?" inquired the grocer.

"I have found the old potatoes very reliable," answered the young housekeeper. "What are the merits of this new brand?"

The Better Way.

"My hens refuse to eat. I guess I'll have to feed 'em forcibly."

"Maybe not. Show 'em you're on the right side. Put some 'votes for women' placards around the yard."

Solid Comfort.

If I could only have my wish,
I'd linger in the shade
Of a ledge of gingerbread and fish
In a lake of lemonade.

Rialto Chat.

"That actor claims to have inherited the mantle of Kemble."

"Those stories are safe in the summertime. I know several actors who claim to own fur overcoats."

Polar Food.

"A hungry man don't stand no chanst around these parts. As soon as I say I'm a returned arctic explorer they call the dog."

"Well, if you don't care fer a dog diet, better pose as a flood sufferer, old sport."

A New Experience.

"I called on a young lady last night, and it was the first time in years that I wasn't urged to call again."

"You must be a social lion."

"No; just a bill collector."

WOMEN AS MINERS.

They Defy Perils of "Death Valley" in Successful Search for Gold.

From the Los Angeles Times.

In this progressive age of woman, when "she stoops to conquer," she usually does the act so well that she turns the comedy into high-class drama.

This is the fact in the case of two Los Angeles society women, who have been for two years engaged in a mining undertaking. These women are Mrs. Beatrice Hubbell Plummer, a soprano of high social standing, and Mrs. Florence H. Baker, an attractive young society woman, formerly of Fort Wayne, now of Los Angeles.

These women, on account of their husbands' large investments, became interested in properties situated at the opening of the old-time romantic Death Valley in San Bernardino County. They were both a little wearied with the social and humdrum life, and they were longing for change. They found what they wanted in the vast breathing spaces of the mountains. They raved a little about "Old Dad" and the great open spaces of the desert, and then, like two American women, they settled down to business. "Why not make a fortune for ourselves?" they said. They bought khaki suits and outfits and set forth to conquer.

There were two old prospectors on the claims—men who had driven teams and packed borax for Smith & Searles in the old Death Valley of the '50's. There had been no white woman in the country since their knowledge, and the old men smiled incredulously when they saw the two rare specimens. The two women let them smile, they let their husbands smile, but they kept on in sober earnest. They started out in the morning prospecting.

They worked hard and they found things—gold, free-milling gold, and silver, and a little copper. They had small fortunes of their own, and they were not afraid to put them in the venture—they became large stockholders as well as prospectors.

Original Salt Cellar.

From the New York Evening Sun.

At a picnic the other day a girl who delights in antiques and antiquities broke pieces of bread, put a little mound of salt on each and handed one to each member of the party as they took their seats for the al fresco meal. She explained that the most primitive salt cellar known and that even long after goldsmiths had made exquisite pieces of workmanship in the way of salt receptacles to be used by royalty or quality the bread still served its original use among humble folks. One of the most beautiful relics of the kind of the ancient goldsmith was made by Benvenuto Cellini for Francis I of France.

Mosquitoes Stop Sawmills.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Lake Charles has been suffering from the worst mosquito plague known in the last twenty-five years. The mosquitoes were brought up from the marshes by strong south winds and hindered outdoor work, operations being practically suspended at some of the sawmills because of their presence. Live stock is suffering greatly, and travel in the country is practically impossible. The same plague rages at Grand Lake and Hackberry, south of here, but Cameron, at the south of the river, is reported to be almost free of the pests.

Cheaper Than Paying Rent.

From Everybody's.

A California story about Mark Twain, in the days when he was not overburdened with profitable employment, has it that a woman of his acquaintance met him one day on the sidewalk with a cigar box under his arm.

"Mr. Clemens," she said, "whenever I see you, you're carrying a cigar box. Aren't you smoking too much?"

"It isn't that," replied Mark; "I'm moving again."

Settled.

From Puck.

"Pa, what makes the cost of living so high?"

"The cost of living so high, my son."

PASSED ON OR PROMOTED.

Changes Among Men Active in Public Life When Fuller Took Seat.

From the New York Sun.

Of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court when Melville Weston Fuller took his seat as Chief Justice, only Mr. Justice Harlan survives. Mr. Cleveland and all but two members of his then Cabinet are gone. Of the Senate of the Fiftieth Congress, which met for its second session in the December after Mr. Fuller's appointment, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Cullom, Mr. Frye, Mr. Hale still hold their seats, though two of them are to retire at the end of their present terms. Allison, J. S. Morrill, Dawes, Hoar, John Sherman, Ingalls, Evarts, Morgan, Vest, Walthall, Quay, Hampton, and Butler, of South Carolina; Voorhees, Turpie, Isham G. Harris, Zeb Vance, Joe Brown, the elder, Colquitt, Beck, Cushman K. Davis, Gorman, Philetus Sawyer, Stewart, Matt Ransom, Henry B. Payne, John H. Reagan, Leland Stanford, Joseph R. Hawley, Orville H. Platt, John W. Daniel, dead but yesterday—how many once familiar and some still illustrious have gone to the majority!

George Gray has been transferred to the bench. George F. Edmunds, Henry M. Teller, of the older and great race of Senators; John C. Spooner, as great if younger, happily, are left us, and a number of others, of whom we mention Don Cameron, Joe Blackburn, William E. Chandler, Henry W. Blair—if we mistake not—Samuel Pasco, of Florida. In a little more than twenty years a political generation has passed.

Mr. Carlisle, the Speaker of the House in 1888, is, like Mr. Spooner, a New Yorker now. Read now the roll of that House, and it shows, of course, many deaths and some promotions. Henry Cabot Lodge, John H. Bankhead, Benjamin F. Shively, Julius C. Burrows, Knute Nelson, William Warner, William J. Stone, Jacob H. Gallinger, John Kean, F. M. Simmons, J. B. McCreary, Benton McMillin, Albert J. Hopkins, David B. Culberson, Roger Q. Mills, Robert M. La Follette, Isaac Stephenson, Isador Rayner are or have been Senators. James S. Sherman has come to the Senate in another way. Doubtless some we have missed in a hasty glance. But even a partial list of the vanished figures is more impressive: William McKinley, Thomas B. Reed, Samuel J. Randall, C. F. Crisp, R. R. Hitt, W. M Springer, David B. Henderson, P. A. Collins, William S. Holman, Dingley, Boutelle, William Walter Phelps, S. S. Cox, Tim Campbell, Amos J. Cummings, James J. Belden, William D. Kelley, F. B. Spinola, W. C. P. Breckinridge, Ira Davenport—here again a generation of names, all famous or well known, has departed. Joe Cannon and John Dalzell are still more or less alive.

OPAQUE UNDERCLOTHING.

Reasons Why Colored Underwear Should Benefit in Hot Weather.

From the American Magazine.

The use of colored underclothing in summer, particularly in our more southerly States, would seem to be justified. When it was first suggested that skins were pigmented to exclude too much light, the profession was quite skeptical; physicans preferring to consider nature a fool to create colored races in light countries. Opaque clothing is becoming popularized, and it is interesting to note that the instinctive demand for it, not only in the tropics but in America also, is so great that manufacturers are flooding the market with enormous quantities of black undergarments. Lay experience already shows it to be comfortable and beneficial. It is, of course, wholly unnecessary in such cloudy places as Northern Europe, nor do the swarthy Italians need it, but blond migrant types must use it when residing in light countries where the native is pigmented. It is considered well worth a trial in this latitude, for it has been known to prevent those nervous conditions so common in the light season. That it begins to look as though the lay public will lead and the medical profession follow. It might be well to direct attention to the need of better head covering if one is exposed to the sun. All tropical natives use elaborate headdresses for this purpose, and it is noticed that our own out-door workmen have an instinctive desire for black felt hats. Agricultural laborers in our South, and Mexicans also, use opaque hats to a large extent, and prefer those with wide brims. The dinky little hats with narrow brims affected by city dwellers afford no protection at all in the sun, any may be the cause of much suffering as well as actual sickness if the wearers do not remain constantly in the shade.

THE ADVISOR.

(Mr. Roosevelt will assume the role of an advisory publicist.—Current Guess.)

Teddy will tell us the things we
should do,
The things we should drink and
the things we should chew;
He'll tell us the way
We should preach and should
pray
And the reason our hens are refusing to lay,
And the time to cut corn and the
time to make hay,
And just who has the shuffle
And who has the deal,
The place for a ruffle
And how to roast veal,
And how to build bridges, and
how to make bread,
And how to remember the things
we have read,
And how to write headings,
And what kind of pants
Are worn at noon weddings,
And how to kill ants,
And how to peel onions and
what's good for bunions,
And how to can berries and care
for canaries,
And how to make fences,
And how to set hens,
And what are the tenses,
And how to fix dens,
And how to raise babies,
And how to make kites,
And how to cure rabies,
And how to run fights,
And how to run trolleys and
cook hot tamales and what
to feed collies,
And how to stuff pillows and
when to trim willows, and
what causes billows,
And how to keep cool,
Cure balks in a mule,
Store eggs so they'll keep,
House cattle and sheep,
Heal burns on the hand,
Make chests to expand,
Embroider a monogram, repaint
a chair,
Retrim an old bonnet, and what
will grow hair—
O Teddy will tell us the things
we should know
Just as he's been telling since
long, long ago!

—Jefferson Toombs, in Harper's Weekly.

A STRANGE MOVING DAY.

Entire Population of Illinois Town Will Go to Missouri to Live.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Some time along in July a strange instance of immigration is going to take place. The census of 1910 will doubtless show that the little village of Pocahontas, Ill., contains about 400 inhabitants. Out of the hundred families that now call the little village their home, scarcely twenty households will remain.

Illinois is an older State than Missouri, and there is less chance for bold souls to go a-pioneering. The citizens of Pocahontas have recognized this and are striking out into the Ozark country to find for themselves and their children some of the fast vanishing lands. They wish to provide for themselves corn lands and smiling orchards that will increase in wealth as the struggle for fertile soil becomes more acute. So they have decided to leave the older country and strike out into a new one. But they are going about it all in a very businesslike and methodical manner. They are arranging their affairs to make the general move one and all at the same time. They are going to move themselves, their families, their farming tools, their live stock, and meat cattle in general together with their household goods and gods. They are taking with them their bank, their creamery, their blacksmith shop, in fact, all the institutions and their employes in the village. They propose, in fact to transfer themselves and their community life from the old town to the new.

At Bunker they have found a tract of 40,000 acres apparently lying waiting for them. The obscure sawmills that have been whittling away there at the timber for a generation have hardly left their marks on the forests along the hillsides. The slopes are the ideal grazing ground for all the cattle that the new community will bring with them. The soil is there; the water is there; all that remains is to start the colony in upon their task of home-making and community building.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

The Birthday of Photography—July 10.

The art of photography, or rather the action of light on chloride of silver, was known as early as the sixteenth century. It was carefully studied by Scheele, Senebier, Ritter and Wollaston, and from the results of their investigation, photography, as we understand it, came to be established in 1802, by Thomas Wedgewood and Humphry Davy, the former of whom is recognized as the first photographer. Wedgewood, after several years of close study of the art, on July 10, 1802, published his paper, setting out the results, which was entitled "An account of a method of copying paintings upon glass and of making profiles by the agency of light upon nitrate of silver."

Previous to this date, or as early as 1727, a German, who has been called "The Columbus of Photography," obtained copies of writing by placing the written characters upon a level surface previously prepared with a mixture of chalk and silver nitrate.

Wedgewood's article, which established photography as an art, appeared in the "Journal of the Royal Institute." To Davy, who was working along the same line, credit is due for his discovery that silver chloride was more sensitive than the nitrate; but notwithstanding his continued investigations, Davy was unable to find a means by which the fading of the pictures could be prevented.

Other investigators took up the subject later, among whom may be mentioned Joseph Niepce and Daguerre, in France, and William H. F. Talbot, in England. In 1824 Daguerre began his experiments, which led to the invention of his celebrated process. The earliest attempt at photographic engraving dates back to 1827, and was the invention of Niepce, who first discovered that thin plates of bitumen were curiously affected by light.

Deguerre received a pension of 6,000 francs from the French government on August 10, 1839, in consideration of which the details of his process were given to the world. Information of this invention reached the United States in 1839 through Samuel F. B. Morse, who communicated to his colleague in the New York University, John W. Draper, by whom the first sunlight picture of a human face—that of his sister Dorthy Draper—was made in 1840.

The development of the modern rapid processes of photography may be said to have begun with the introduction of the dry collodion process by Scott Archer in 1851. In 1871 Maddox introduced the earliest form of the "gelatin-emulsion process," which has since been considerably improved and is now used very largely.

The lens is of very ancient origin. There is a lens in the British Museum, which was found in the ruins of Nineveh, and during the Middle Ages the manufacture and properties of simple lenses were well understood in Europe. The first camera made in England, as far as is known, was that by Mr. Palmer, of Newgate street, London, on the plan of Mr. Fry and for him in 1839.

On July 10, 1861, the National House of Representatives passed the first war loan bill, and in 1890 Wyoming was admitted to Statehood in the Union. To-day is the birthday of John Calvin, the reformer and theologian (1509); Sir William Blackstone, the English jurist (1723); St. George Tucker, "The Blackstone of America" (1752); George M. Dallas, Vice President of the United States and Minister to England (1792); Capt. Frederick Marryat, the naval officer and novelist (1792); Robert Toombs, the Southern soldier and statesman (1810); Benjamin Paul Akers, the sculptor (1825); and John W. Griggs, Attorney General under McKinley (1849). It is the date of the death of Catherine Carnaro (1510); the Emperor Adrian (138), and William, Prince of Orange (1584).

AT THE HOTELS.

"Syaji Rao, Gaekwar of Baroda, who is visiting this country, and is at present in New York," said Maj. St. George S. Williams, of the British army, at the New Willard, last night, "ranks at the head of the native rulers of India for personality, culture, and character—one of her greatest independent sovereigns. Independence, so far as fealty to England allows; for these emperors of old hold but the title of subordinate princes now and can take no part in the world's politics or action.

"However brilliant and powerful they may be," continued the English officer, "at each court there is a kind of little viceroy, called the British resident, who is always on the watch, and no real step can be taken without his sanction.

"The Gaekwar of Baroda is an immensely wealthy man, and has magnificent palaces and jewels which would dazzle any European potentate or American multimillionaire. But the Gaekwar cares more for his hospitals and colleges than his palaces, and public institutions of excellent character may be found all over the state. Also his highness supports many students abroad. The Baroda College is one of the finest modern buildings in India. The Gaekwar is entirely wrapped up in thoughts for the welfare of his people and keeps in daily touch with the affairs of state, both by letter and cable.

"Her highness, the Maharani of Baroda," added Maj. Williams, "is a woman of great charm and poise, with the retiring dignity and modesty of the East. She observes strict purdah of her rank and caste while in India, but travels with her husband in Europeon fashion, though without discarding the graceful folds of her sari. They have a daughter and three sons, beside the crown prince. The boys have been brought up at Eton and Oxford, and they are quite European."

Speaking of general conditions in England, Maj. Williams said that the people of England are beginning to like King George very much, and that they expect great things from him, "probably more than they have a right to. It was shown that he has a mind of his own when he insisted on having the coronation oath changed. It is no more than right that this should be done, in justice to England's much-boasted love of individual freedom and liberty of conscience. It is an abomination, and should have been changed many years ago. I dare say, however, that when the oath bill comes up in the House of Lords for debate the 'lords spiritual,' or the twenty-four bishops and archbishops, will oppose the change with all their power and influence. But it will not avail them anything, as the bill will be passed over their heads, like so many other popular measures were passed which these clerical gentlemen opposed. It would not be thought that they are opposed to popular education and the alleviation of the lot of the working people, but the past has shown that they are."

Nearly every city in the country the size of Washington has some sort of art center and schools where the arts and crafts are taught, according to William T. Hale, of Boston, who is at the Shoreham.

"They have begun in many instances," said Mr. Hale, "in a most obscure way, and their history has been a medley of ups and downs; but in the majority of cases they have been rescued and perpetuated by endowments and municipal appropriations, coming mainly through the public spirit and appreciation of citizens quick to see civic advantages.

"One might go into details showing the growth and development of such institutions as the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Cincinnati Museum and Institute, the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, &c., but the history of one is practically the history of all. The main point is that to-day the value of arts and crafts in municipal development, in commerce, and in social life is very generally recognized.

"All Europe is dotted with cities and towns possessing art treasures. Indeed, the annual revenue of the Italian government is said to be more than $50,000,000, while that of France is more than 500,000,000 francs, and in each instance these vast revenues are received from students and lovers of art.

"The question is not merely a matter of sentiment," added Mr. Hale. "Every manufacturer to-day recognizes the necessity of art combined with utility, just as every seller of goods realizes the necessity of stocking up with goods that are artistic and harmonious. And the mechanic is in the same class; the printer, the house furnisher, or the decorator is no more in need of the direct and immediate influences of art than is the tinner who hasn't yet realized what he may do in copper or brass, or the shoemaker, the bookbinder, the basket maker, or the worker in leather or metal to whom its possibilities are unknown."

There is no institution that has more romance attached to it than the Bank of England, according to Chester E. Symonds, a banker of London, who was seen at the New Willard last night.

"It has been nearly ruined on several occasions; it has been beset by thieves, one gang robbing it of over $500,000 thirty years ago; forgery and frauds have been practiced upon it by the most accomplished criminals in history, and yet 'as safe as the Bank of England' is a saying which, in spite of the institution's many ups and downs, is true to the letter. Had it not been for a very smart ruse on the part of one of the directors the bank would have failed over a century ago. This is what happened: A panic sprang up among banknote holders, a panic that spread and spread before any one was aware of what was happening. One morning, just after the bank opened, an angry and excited crowd thronged the street, demanding cash for notes. The value of the notes in the hands of that mob was actually double that of the gold in the bank, and the outlook was a bad one. Gold had to be gotten to pay to every claimant, but that took time. So the directors sent men with notes into the crowd, and their claims were attended to first. Each was paid in sixpences and shillings. Some of them walked away with sacks of shillings over their backs, but the time gained by this method of payment saved the bank, and every claim was paid.

"After this the bank decided to reassure its depositors by displaying in the bank windows and near the cashiers' desks sacks overflowing with sovereigns, but the public did not know that the sacks were full of coal, with only a layer of sovereigns on top."

But Others May Have.

From the Boston Transcript.

Angry father (to son)—You never saw me getting into a scrape like that when I was a boy.

Flippant son—No, dad; I never did.